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**THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY CONCERT.**—Messrs. Bateman & Harrison will give their 17th Sunday Concert at Steinway Hall, to-morrow evening, on which occasion Mr. Chaudin, basso, will make his second appearance, Mr. Wenzel Koptka, violinist, will make his third appearance, and Theodore Thomas' popular Orchestra will perform a choice selection of instrumental music.

**OUR UTILITARIAN AGE.—A NEW BUTTON.**—The world has bowed down before steam—it has lifted its hat to the miracles of electricity; but what style of homage it will pay to the New Button remains to be seen, but certainly it cannot be less than canonization or adoration. Bachelors will bless it, for they can hereafter defy both needles and thread. Wives will bless it, because their husbands will have no legitimate reason for growling that their buttons are not sewed on. Husbands will eventually bless it, because they will not have to stand fuming with impatience, while having a button sewn on either on the neck or the wristband.

The "Carlos Universal Self-fastening Button" is the eighth or tenth wonder of the world. It requires no needle to perforate, no washer, no separate shank, no fastening nut, no mechanical slot in the button itself; it is simply an ordinary button with a pointed shank, which you press through the cloth and it is fastened for ever. You can put it in in a second, and can take it out in half a second. Button and fastener are one and indivisible.

With other devices in the self-fastening button line, if you lose or mislay the needle you are lost, if you lose the shank you are in despair, if you lose the nut you are hopeless; but with the "Carlos Universal Self-fastening Button" you cannot lose the fastening without losing the button, and while the buttons are safe you are independent of wife or sister, and needle and thread!

The principle can be applied to every style of button, whether it be metal, glass, porcelain, wood, gold or any other kind of material, or for ladies' cloaks, or gentlemen's coats, studs, shirts, &c. It is universal in its application, and efficient in all respects.

It has one other virtue which, as about a thousand millions of buttons are sold every year, is not to be despised, namely, it will add but little, if any, to the original cost of the button, while it will make every individual button a free and independent institution. Seriously speaking, the Carlos Universal Self-fastening Button is the neatest, most perfect, most simple, and most useful little invention of the age. So long as the material lasts in which it is inserted it can never come off, although it can be removed in an instant. We can recommend this self-fastening button to all our friends, for we have tried it in every way, and find it not only to be good but invaluable.

### PERDITA!

Sweet flowerets in your path up-spring  
As carelessly you stray;  
And chirping birds upon the wing—  
The time is early May—  
Make the sweet scene more gay.

The green grass yieldeth to your feet,  
And odors are exprest;  
The waters murmur music sweet  
Without a pause or rest,  
To welcome our loved guest.

The very Beetle hums a song,  
The Bee, as it goes by,  
Stops in its flight, and pauses long,  
As if it fain would try  
Your lips' bright purple dye.

The timid Hind knows not a fear,  
But crouches at your feet,  
The faithful Doves, in covert near,  
Coo forth a soft entreat  
To gain your smile so sweet.

In you all Nature doth rejoice,—  
All own your subtle charm,—  
The magic of your eye and voice  
And smile so true and warm,  
All evil things disarm.

You are in truth so wondrous fair,  
The Winds, as they pass by,  
Do wanton with your clustering hair  
Then melt into a sigh,  
As blest near thee to die.

Then is it strange I own your charm,  
Since all things love you so?  
Your blushing beauty, young and warm,  
Your spirit's gentle flow,  
Replete with Nature glow.

I worship Nature then in You,  
For you all good combine!  
I render homage where 'tis due,  
And at your pure heart's shrine,  
I lay this love of mine.

HENRY C. WATSON.

**GOOD NEWS.**—A TRUE GRAND GRAND PIANO FOUND.—Wehli thought when he became seized and possessed of Chickering's noble Grand Piano, christened No. 50, that he had got the best instrument in America or Europe. But he was mistaken, for strolling a day or two since through Chickering's ware-room he ran his fingers over the keys of a piano just from the factory, and immediately fainted—nearly. He claimed it at once, saying that in power and beauty it was two "50's" rolled into one, that is, it was a hundred per cent better than any instrument he had ever played upon. Scharfenberg tried it and declared that it had all the grand points of the Erard, and many grand points that the Erard had not.

It is the finest instrument we ever heard, from any country whatsoever. It has all the ringing quality of the Erard, with double its power. But the power is so beautifully balanced, that none of the registers predominate. It is vocal throughout; its sonority is pure tone and no noise, and that tone in its richness and brilliancy can hardly be expressed in words. We sincerely believe that it is the finest Grand Piano in the world to-day.

### MATTERS THEATRIC.

Mr. Booth's latest parts are Pescara in "The Apostate," and Ruy Blas in Victor Hugo's powerful drama of that name. Mr. Booth's Pescara is a truly fine performance; well and truthfully conceived and acted, brimful of devilish malignity and, in short, possessing all those requisites which go to make up a perfect piece of acting. Pescara is a part that is seldom essayed now-a-days, owing to the somewhat passe style of the play, and Mr. Booth is not submitted to the ordeal of comparison with other actors in his personation of it. The play itself, after all, is but a sorry mess of bombast and rhodomontade and is only galvanized into a sort of artificial life by the gentleman's good acting, he being the best representative of the vindictive Spaniard since the days when his father electrified throngs of admirers in the same role. Of the support afforded Mr. Booth it is impossible to speak favorably; Messrs. Barton Hill and Lefingwell making but little of the strongly drawn characters of Nemaya and Malec, while Miss Ida Vernon was uncommonly weak and unimpressive as Florinda, a part that was specially written for the great Miss O'Neil and is full of so many passionate speeches and effective situations that Miss Vernon's comparative failure in it was rendered still more noticeable.

"Ruy Blas" was performed at a Matinee on Wednesday to a good house, Mr. Booth playing the title part with considerable success but lacked somewhat the fire and energy which he threw into it last season.

Mr. Barton Hill's Don Salluste is too stagey and melodramatic to be altogether satisfactory, while the Queen of Mme. Methua Schiller is marked by the many faults of elocution and action in which that lady is prone to indulge.

"Hamlet" was produced on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Mme. Ponisi playing the Queen, in the absence of Miss Ida Vernon who was prevented by illness from appearing. Mme. Ponisi is one of the most reliable and finished actresses upon the stage, and it is a great pity that she is not seen oftener on the New York boards, as her performances are invariably satisfactory and enjoyable.

The great attraction of the week at Wallack's has been the production of Mr. T. W. Robertson's new play of "Ours," which was brought out on Wednesday evening before a large and enthusiastic audience.

Mr. Robertson will be remembered as the author of "Society," which met with considerable success at this establishment last season, and although "Ours" does not possess so clear a plot as the author's former production, it is still characterized by the same grace and sprightliness of dialogue and truth to human nature.

The story is briefly this: Lieut. Angus McAllister (Mr. Ringgold), loves, and is beloved by, Blanche Noye, an heiress, (Miss Henriques). Now Angus is the soul of honor and chivalry, but like many an other soul of h. and c. is not possessed of a penny in the world and as a natural consequence Col. Sir Alexander Shendryn (Mr. Gilbert), and Lady Shendryn, (Miss Morant), the guardians of Blanche, very sensibly object to the marriage of the young folks, who, to tell the